

Good Morning

140

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

This week CALL BOY tells you of GENE TIERNEY—SEX APPEAL IN ESPERANTO!

GENE TIERNEY is considered one of Hollywood's greatest assets, because she has sex-appeal in every language, including the Scandinavian. A mixture of four distinct nationalities, Gene Tierney is the most cosmopolitan American type in Hollywood.

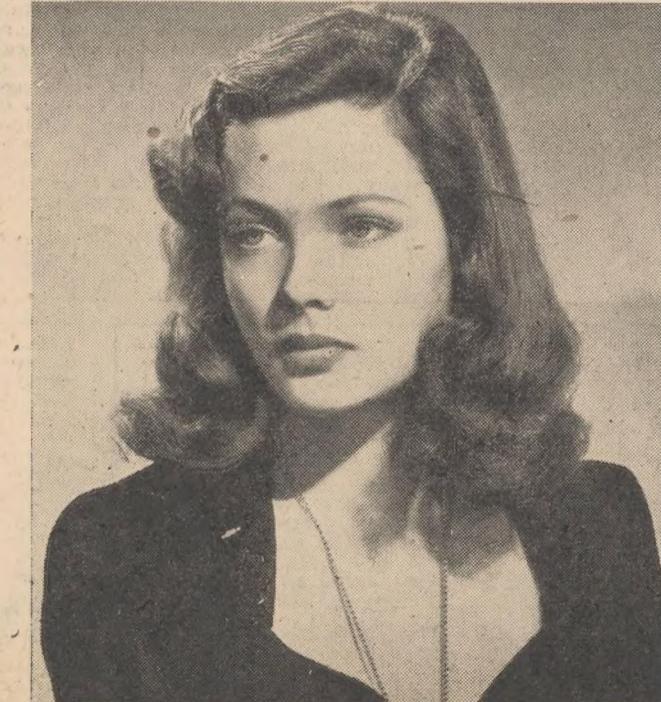
Without any tricks or make-up, she can play any nationality that her script may call for. That is why 20th Century-Fox chose Gene to play the full-blooded Chinese girl in "China Girl."

She was a Polynesian in "Son of Fury," an Eurasian in "Shanghai Gesture," and an Arabian in "Sundown." Actually, she is a mixture of French, Irish, Spanish and Swedish.

Her high cheek-bones and narrow, piercing eyes give her the equipment for the delineation of more exotic races. Although in her latest film, "Thunder Birds," she plays the American girl that John Sutton, as a young R.A.F. cadet, falls in love with.

BROOKLYN-BORN.

It took no exotic birthplace to produce this melting-pot type. Gene, as a matter of



Gene Tierney, glamorous product of Brooklyn. Her mouth is Spanish, her chin French, and her eyes Swedish—can be anything the casting director wants her to be. She can put sex into any part—in any language.



Gene Tierney as she appeared in "Hudson's Bay," in which film she plays the part of an English aristocrat.

Return of Frank James," and an English aristocrat in "Hudson's Bay." She played the title role in "Belle Star," and then the truth dawned on the studio executives.

They had been trying to type her, but now they found that she did not fit into any one particular category. Gene Tierney could be anything they wanted her to be, in any language, and with sex in all of them.

Walter Wanger was the first to take advantage of this discovery. He borrowed her for the Arabian girl in "Sundown." No sooner had he finished than Von Sternberg captured her for the Eurasian girl in "Shanghai Gesture." Her home studio had to wait to get her back as the Polynesian girl in "Son of Fury."

A COUNTESS.

She could, if she wanted, claim the title of Countess. But Gene is too democratic for that. After she married Count Oleg Cassini, they both decided to drop the title for good.

Her entire mental background contradicts the sexy glamour which Gene exudes. In school, she studied to prepare herself to become a social worker, and she was quite brilliant in these studies. Her reading habits all tend towards the classic. She and Oleg have a routine of reading out loud to each other for one hour each evening. These readings are exclusively from the classic philosophers.

PRIZE CATCH.

It was while Gene was in "The Male Animal" that 20th Century-Fox spotted her early in the run and brought her to Hollywood. Although she had had little acting experience, they knew they had made a good prize catch. They didn't know quite how to place her at first. Her high cheek-bones, exotic mouth and interesting eyes had them stumped. They couldn't quite catalogue her at first.

They made her a typical American frontier girl in "The

LITTLE HOME BULLETINS FOR 3 SUBMARINERS

For P.O. COLIN CLARK

As a little girl, Mrs. Clark, of Basil-avenue, Armthorpe nr. Doncaster, played with toy shops. And all her life she hankered after serving in a real shop, and now her ambition has come true.

She heard they were an assistant short at the village grocery and general shop, and she applied and got the job. She is thoroughly enjoying it.

So when you come on leave, Colin, just call at the shop for your cigs. and Mother will be delighted to serve you.

She told us: "Well, I'm doing what I want and I hope Colin will achieve his ambition, too."

Your brother Albert is serving abroad, and has written that he is doing fine and has sung in broadcasts several times with the "Harmony Four."

Although her eyes suggest the languorous Orient, Gene is far from being the languorous type. She is up about 7 a.m. every morning—except Sundays, when she sleeps till 10 a.m. She rides very well, plays tennis when she can, swims well, and loves to dance.

All in all, she is a very contradictory type. Maybe that is why she can fit so well into any clime or situation.

If you look closely you can see that she has a typically Irish nose. Her mouth is Spanish, her chin is French, and her eyes are Swedish—or at least that is how she has catalogued them.

She is one of those rare anomalies of filmdom. The girl who can fit into every casting director's list of types.



For A.B. HAWKEY

An important social event was held at your home in Mor- den-street, Liverpool, recently—Master Geoffrey Hawkey celebrated his second birthday.

As Geoffrey bent over his cake to blow out the candles, he pointed to the iced sub-

marine decorations and shouted "Daddy's sub!"

The package which you left marked "Not to be opened until Geoffrey's birthday" was un-wrapped—and it was decided to invest in war saving certifi-

Daddy's health was then drunk in home-made lemonade! she's not worrying!

For L.Sto. ALBERT ARCHER

ALL'S well and shipshape at home, Albert.

We went down to your home at Bournbrook, and your Mother told us that Frank and Ethel were fine and Baby Anita has got over the whooping cough splendidly.

Your sister Marion often goes down home—she and your brothers are all keeping fit. Mother says there's a whole lot to do these days at home, because the house is so big—but

she's not worrying!



Ronald Richards reveals SOME SCANDALS THAT HID FOR A CENTURY

How an old inn kept its secrets

THAT hotel visitors are well advised to treat hotel servants well is proved by the remarks in an account book found at the Sugar Loaf Inn, Dunstable, Bedfordshire.

Many Lords and Ladies and Church dignitaries who, a hundred years ago, on their travels along Watling Street, stopped at the Sugar Loaf, Dunstable, to wine and make merry, would turn in their graves were they to see the contents of this register.

The book reveals an intimate picture of coaching days on this road, as seen from one of the oldest hosteries in Bedfordshire. The book, which was found in a cellar, is truly a gem of antiquity. Who the diarist was is not certain, but that he was the innkeeper or a member of the staff is obvious from the intimate disclosures. Every page provides a laugh, and several entries are unprintable.

A reference dated June 20, 1831, says: The Bishop of Lincoln and twenty seven gentlemen ate sufficient for forty people.

Another entry about that time says: A young unmarried couple were forced to stay overnight because the young lady was unfortunate enough to break her ankle. They were accommodated in the one available room. The note added: It's an ill wind that does not benefit someone.

On December 7, 1844, the book records: It was much-talked about, this night. A room for the corpse (which was left alone), ten shillings and sixpence; Refreshment to sitters-up, five shillings and sixpence; Fire and lights all night, two shillings and sixpence. Ale, one shilling;

WIFE AND MISTRESS. The following day saw a Brandy, ninepence; Cigars, one shilling and fourpence; Beds, eight shillings. The Old Sugar Loaf Inn is known to be more than five hundred years old. From the tain escaped with his life, but cellar it is possible to enter a was forced to cast off the three passage that once led to Dunstable's famous old Priory

A certain Mrs. Stanley, who Church,

**Periscope
Page**

QUIZ
for today

1. What is a barracoota?
2. Who wrote (a) The Hound of Heaven, (b) The Hound of Baskervilles?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Poppy, Violet, Calceolaria, Honeysuckle, Cowslip, Primrose.
4. What is a banderilla?
5. Where are (a) The Bass Rock, (b) Bass Strait?
6. A Schnitzel is a drink, a small cut, a veal cutlet, a cape, a throaty noise?
7. What is meant by degustation?
8. What is a colporteur?
9. Who is Mr. Toots?
10. Who said, "On, Stanley, on!"?
11. When did the union of England and Scotland take place?
12. What is neocracy?

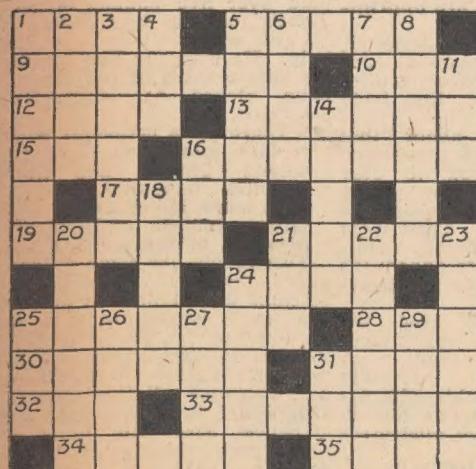
WANGLING WORDS—102

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after EEP, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of SHORT DEAL, to make a garrison town.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change DUTY into FREE, COAT into VEST, HEN into EGG, MILK into MAID.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from WEATHERWISE?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 101

1. ENDENIZEN.
2. TASMANIA.
3. LAND, LANE, LINE, MINE, MIRE, MARE, BARE, BARD, BIRD, GIRD, GIRL.
- HARD, HART, PART, PORT, SORT, SOFT.
- POST, PEST, BEST, BEET, FEET, FRET, FREE,
- SOLO, SOLD, TOLD, TOLL, DOLL, DULL, DUEL, DUET.
4. Mane, Mean, Name, Rest, Rent, Seat, Teas, Rate, Tear, Tare, Sham, Mash, Mast, Tame, Meat, Mate, Mare, Ream, Hart, Hare, Hate, Teem, Meet, etc.
- Chest, Cheat, Teach, Cheer, Ranch, Chant, Chase, Trace, Crate, Tears, Stare, Manes, Rates, Treat, Cream, Nacre, Crane, Meets, March, Charm, etc.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1 Male animal.
5 Hoax.
9 Apparent absurdity.
10 Cocoa bean.
12 Girl's name.
13 Brown.
15 Urge.
16 Ordered.
17 Are informed.
19 Incubate.
21 Blazed.
24 Lot.
25 Sort of seed.
28 Silent.
30 Of vinegar.
31 Front.
32 Definite article.
33 Detailed account.
34 Eel.
35 Depend.

CHIVE ROMPS
LODE BEMOAN
ALERT DINGO
SLAG CUTTER
HOLEMIC HIT
W DOVER C
O V MEDICAL
CHALET PAVE
COLIN APRON
UPSETTS LORD
REEDS PELETS

GOOD MORNING

Concluding the strange tale of "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde"

R. L. Stevenson tells of . . .

THE LAST HOURS OF A FIEND FROM HELL

MY reason wavered, but it did not fail me utterly. I have more than once observed that in my second character my faculties seemed sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic; thus it came about that, where Jekyll perhaps might have succumbed, Hyde rose to the importance of the moment.

My drugs were in one of the presses of my cabinet; how was I to reach them? That was the problem that (crushing my temples in my hands) I set myself to solve.

The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the house, my own servants would consign me to the gallows.

I saw I must employ another hand, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to be reached? How persuaded?

Supposing that I escaped capture in the streets, how was I to make my way into his presence? And how should I, an unknown and displeasing visitor, prevail on the famous physician to rifle the study of his colleague, Dr. Jekyll?

Then I remembered that of my original character one part remained to me. I could write my own hand; and once I had conceived that kindling spark, the way that I must follow became lighted up from end to end.

Thereupon I arranged my clothes as best I could, and, summoning a passing hansom, drove to an hotel in Portland Street. At my appearance (which was indeed comical enough, however tragic a fate these garments covered), the driver could not conceal his mirth.

I gnashed my teeth upon him with a gust of devilish fury, and the smile withered from his face—happily for him—yet more happily for myself, for in another instant I had certainly dragged him from his perch.

At the inn, as I entered, I looked about me with so black a countenance as made the attendants tremble; not a look did they exchange in my presence; but obsequiously took my orders, led me to a private room, and brought me the wherewithal to write.

Hyde in danger of his life

was a creature new to me; shaken with inordinate anger, strung to the pitch of murder, lusting to inflict pain. Yet the creature was astute, mastered his fury with a great effort of the will, composed his two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole, and, that he might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them out with directions that they should be registered.

Thenceforward he sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing his nails; there he dined, sitting alone with his fears, the waiter visibly quailing before his eye; and thence, when the night was fully come, he set forth in the corner of a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about the streets of the city. He, I say—I cannot say I.

That child of Hell had nothing human; nothing lived in him but fear and hatred. And when at last, thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, he discharged the cab and ventured on foot, attired in his misfitting clothes, an object marked out for observation, into the midst of the nocturnal passengers, these two base passions raged within him like a tempest.

He walked fast, hunted by his fears, chattering to himself, skulking through the less-frequented thoroughfares, counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight.

Once a woman spoke to him, offering, I think, a box of lights. He smote her in the face, and she fled.

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected me somewhat; I do not know. It was at least but a drop in the sea to the abhorrence with which I looked back upon these hours. A change had come over me.

It was no longer the fear of the gallows, it was the horror of being Hyde that racked me. I received Lanyon's condemnation partly in a dream; it was partly in a dream that I came to my own house and got into bed.

I slept after the prostration of the day with a stringent and profound slumber which not even the nightmares that wrung me could avail to break.

I awoke in the morning shaken, weakened, but refreshed.

I still hated and feared the thought of the brute that slept within me, and I had not, of course, forgotten the appalling dangers of the day before; but I was once more at home, in my own house, and close to my

drugs; and gratitude for my escape shone so strong in my soul that it almost rivalled the brightness of hope.

I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that heralded the change, and I had but time to gain the shelter of

premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened.

Under the strain of this continually impending doom, and by the sleeplessness to which I now condemned myself, aye, even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever,

the hate that now divided them was equal on each side.

With Jekyll it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death. He thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic.

This was the shocking thing, that the amorphous dust gesticated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life.

And this again, that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life.

The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was of a different order. His terror of the gallows drove him continually to commit temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station of a part instead of a person; but he loathed the despondency into which Jekyll was now fallen, and he resented the dislike with which he was himself regarded.

Hence the apelike tricks that he would play me, scrawling in my own hand blasphemies on the pages of my books, burning the letters and destroying the portrait of my father; and, indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to involve me in the ruin.

But his love of life is wonderful. I go further; I, who sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, when I recall the abjection and passion of this attachment, and when I know how he fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this statement under the influence of the last of the old powders.

This, then, is the last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can think his own thoughts or see his own face (now how sadly altered!) in the glass.

Nor must I delay too long to bring my writing to an end, for if my narrative has hitherto escaped destruction it has been by a combination of great prudence and great good luck.

The doom that is closing on us both has already changed and crushed him.

As I lay down the pen and proceed to seal up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.

**Answers to Quiz
in No. 139**

1. A Rear Admiral is a naval officer; a Red Admiral is a species of butterfly.
2. (a) H. G. Wells, (b) Shakespeare.
3. Elgar was a composer; the others are authors.
4. An Eskimo snow hut.
5. At first sight.
6. Bees.
7. A love of rare books, etc.
8. The Wellingtonian, native of California.
9. Wilkins.
10. Shakespeare's Othello.
11. 1858.
12. A temporary lodging.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

EVERY time you pick up a pencil you pick up a romance in industry. Every time you write in pencil you are using the brains of men who have wrestled with the problem since the fourteenth century.

It was somewhere about the year 1400 that a man walking along the district of Borrowdale found a material with which he could chalk his name, or write a note, on paper. That material was graphite. It was so pure that it could be used in the natural state as a pencil.

It was not till the 17th century that real attempts were made to enclose the graphite in a holder. The first idea was to wind string around it, and then, as the pencil wore down, the string was unbound again.

After that the graphite was enclosed in quills, or small tubes. In 1686 another man discovered the way to keep a length of graphite between two thin strips of wood. The name given to the article was a "port-crayon."

In 1795, because the price of graphite was going up by leaps and bounds, a Frenchman discovered a process by which clay could be mixed with the lead. In that day the modern pencil was born.

Jacques Conte was the Frenchman's name; but an Englishman, Elias Wolff, started to think it out, too. The great Borrowdale mines were giving out. Wolff mixed powdered graphite with clay and made a rough, hard bit of "pencil" without the wood covering. This method is the basis of pencil-making to-day.

But the process has, of course, been made more delicate and more scientific. The clay now is cleansed by washing and chemical treatment, as also is the graphite. Then both are mixed in certain proportions, and water is added until the result is a thin paste.

THE FINER THE FIRMER.

This mixture is then ground in mills until the degree of firmness wanted is obtained. It is a peculiar fact that the finer the mixture and the more it is ground, the firmer is the pencil lead.

After the grinding it is rolled between steel rollers, forced into small steel cylinders, square, round, or hexagonal, and the long threads are then put into hermetically sealed crucibles and baked in ovens.

After that the leads are immersed in wax, to make them write smoothly. Then they are cleaned in sawdust, and ready for being put into the wood casing.

Red cedar is the wood most used. A plank is cut into slats about seven inches long by quarter of an inch thick.

SMELL OF THE WOOD.

The slats are stored in a certain temperature to take out the oil; and these sheds where the wood is stored are filled with the delightful perfume of the cedar tree.

When ready, the slats are placed in a machine that cuts the little grooves half the thickness of the lead; next the edges are coated with glue, and the leads are placed inside and the pencil is put under pressure until the glue is dry.

Is that all? Not by a long chalk. There are the jobs of cutting the lengths, polishing the wood, and painting them. It is all done by machinery.

But when at last the pencils are ready for the public, then comes the turn of girls to pick out the "weeds." The slightest flaw in the wood and these expert girls throw the pencil aside. The final job of all is the stamping of the maker's name on them.

Did you ever think how many coats of paint are on the wood of the pencil you use? It may be hard to believe, but there are nine coats. The next time you use a pencil, take a good look at it, and you won't again waste this intricate yet simple means of writing home.

Argue this out for yourselves

THE COMMON MAN

THE Century of the Common Man will mean that you have to consider far more than in the past the tastes, interests and wishes of the common man, and if those are the right kind, the level of civilisation may rise, and will certainly not fall. If they are wrong, mean, low, sordid, or unworthy, the level of civilisation will fall. That is one of the dangers of social change, not the mere danger of revolution, but the danger that something less good may take the place of what is passing away.

Sir Richard Livingstone.

LINCOLN AND BUNYAN.

ALTHOUGH born in different centuries, Lincoln and Bunyan have had very similar influences on history: one on our religious beliefs and the other on our political ideas, and because they knew the meaning of humility, being only too well aware of their own shortcomings and vulnerabilities, each became spokesman and leader of his people.

Richard McLaughlin.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



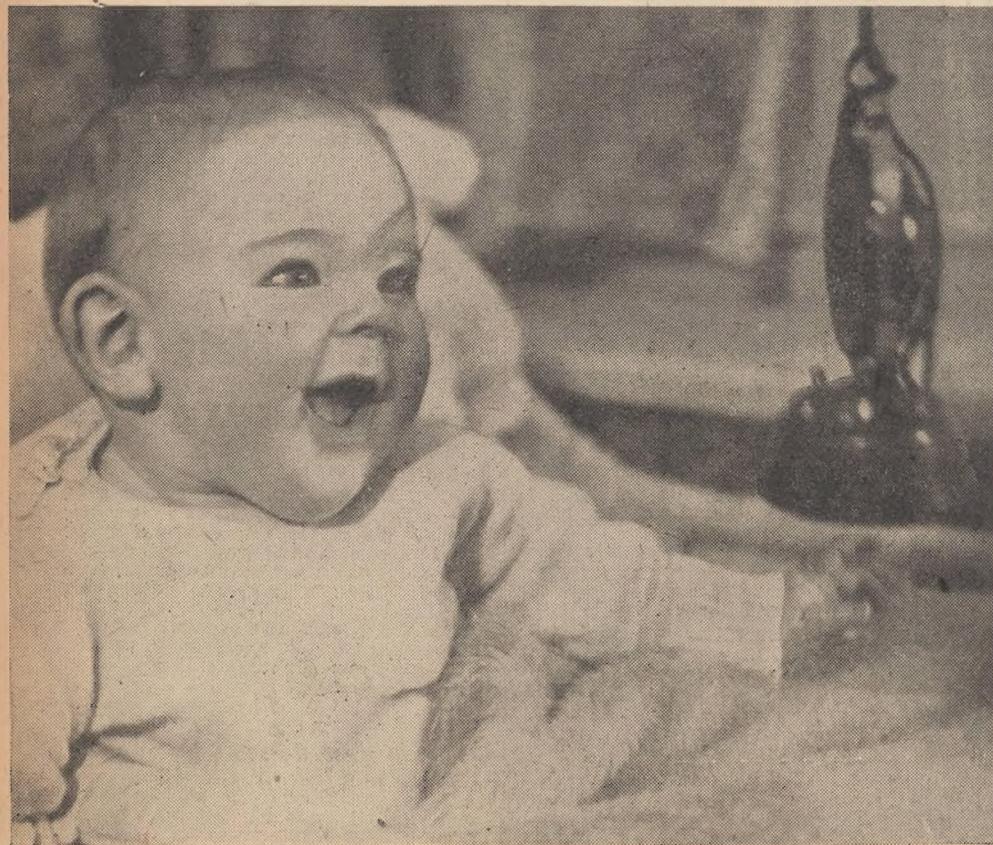
"Do my eyes deceive me, or are they REAL cream-takes?"



This England

A scene in the New Forest, Hampshire. Any-

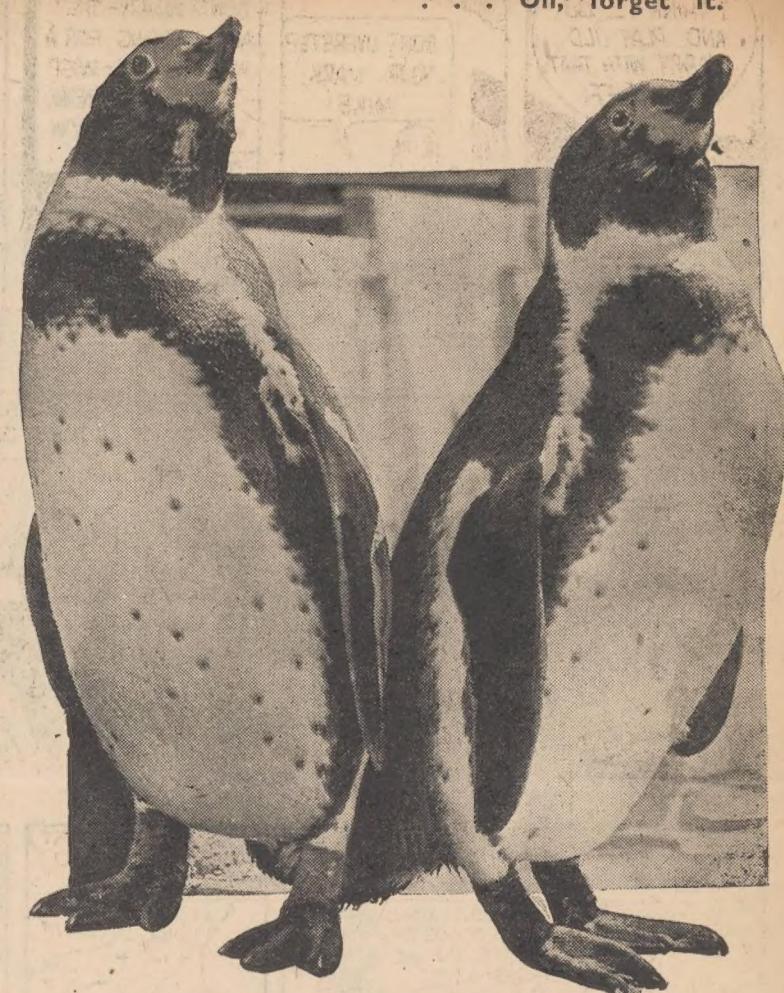
one acquainted with this charming district, must be immediately reminded of Ringwood, Lyndhurst and those lovely retreats in this woodland paradise.



Now then. A special message for Daddy and Mammy. The mike is ON.
"Google, Google, Google."
"That was lovely, they're sure to understand every word of it."

"Be snooty if you like. Just because you can't have everything your own way."

"Oh, hush your mouth. Nag, nag, nag. You seem to forget that I'm a man, and a man wants. . . Oh, forget it."



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Boys—I'm speechless."

